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M O N U M E N T

TO THE PRAISE OF  
THE LORD'S GOODNESS,  
AND TO THE MEMORY

OF DEAR  
ELIZA CUNINGHAM.

BY THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

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JESUS AMOR MEUS EST, SI RIDEAT, OMNIA RIDENT.

1 COR. XV. 55.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

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D U B L I N :

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## P R E F A C E.

**W**HEN the following narrative was drawn up, the writer was aware that his feelings rendered him incompetent to judge, how much of a relation, every part of which was interesting to himself, might be fit to offer to the Public. Many little circumstances which the indulgence of a friend could bear with, might, to strangers, appear trivial and impertinent. He therefore wrote only for his friends; and printed no more copies, than he thought would be sufficient to distribute within

the circle of his personal acquaintance.

BUT as the paper has been much enquired after, and many of his friends have expressed their wish, that it might be more extensively circulated; he has at length yielded to their judgment.

IT is to be lamented, that in this enlightened age, so signalized by the prevalence of a spirit of investigation, Religion, should, by many, be thought the only subject, unworthy of a serious enquiry. And that, while in every branch of science, they studiously endeavour to trace every fact, to its proper and adequate cause, and are cautious of admitting any theory, which  
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cannot stand the test of *Experiment*; they treat the use of the term *Experimental*, when applied to Religion, with contempt. Yet there are many things connected with this subject, in which, whether we are willing, or unwilling, we are, and must be, nearly interested. Death for instance is inevitable. And if there be an *Hereafter* (and it is impossible to prove that there is not) the consequences of Death must be important. Many persons die, as they live, thoughtless and careless what consequences may await them. Others, whose characters and conduct, do not appear to have been worse than those of the former, cannot die so. They have

dark and painful forebodings, and leave this world with reluctance, and terror. And there are others, who, though conscious that they are sinners, and sure that they are about to enter upon an unchangeable and endless state of existence, possess peace, composure and joy. These declare that they owe this happy state of mind, to their dependance upon Jesus the Saviour; on whose blood and mediation, they have built their hopes. And who can possibly disprove their words! Such an instance is now in the Reader's hands. The fact is indubitable. A child under the age of fifteen did thus rejoice, in the midst of pains and agonies,

agonies, to the admiration of all who beheld her. She was willing to leave all her friends whom she dearly loved, and by whom she was tenderly beloved, for she knew whom she believed, and that when she should be absent from the body, she would be present with the Lord. With this assurance, she triumphed in the prospect of glory, and smiled upon the approach of death.

It may be presumed, that whoever seriously considers this case, will not be able to satisfy himself, by ascribing such remarkable effects, in so young a subject, to the power of habit, example or system. If  
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he does not account for them upon the principles of the Gospel, he will be unable to assign any proportionable cause. And it is to be feared, that if he is not affected by a testimony, so simple and so striking, neither would he be persuaded, though one should rise from the Dead.

*Hoxton,*

*Nov. 17, 1785.*





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**A**S I write not for the eye of the Public, but chiefly to put a testimony of the Lord's goodness, into the hands of my dear friends who have kindly afforded us their sympathy and prayers on the late occasion ; I do not mean either to restrain the emotions of my heart, or to apologize for them. I shall write simply and freely, as I might speak to a person, to whose intimacy and tenderness I can fully entrust myself, and who I know will bear with all my weaknesses.

IN

\* The last surviving child of Mr. James Cuningham, of Pittarhie, Fife Shire.



IN May, 1782, my sister Cuninghame was at Edinburgh, chiefly on the account of her eldest daughter, then in the fourteenth year of her age, who was very ill of a consumption. She had already buried an only son, at the age of twelve; and while all a mother's care and feelings were engaged by the rapid decline of a second amiable child, she was unexpectedly and suddenly bereaved of an affectionate and excellent husband. Her trials were great, but the Lord had prepared her for them. She was a believer. Her faith was strong; her graces active; her conduct exemplary. She walked with God, and he supported her. And though she was a tender and sympathizing friend, she had a happy firmness of temper, so that her character as a Christian, and the propriety of her behaviour in every branch of relative life, appeared with peculiar advantage in the season of affliction. She returned to Anstruther a widow, with her sick child, who languished till October, and then died.

THOUGH my sister had many valuable and pleasing connections in Scotland, yet her strongest tie being broken, she readily accepted my invitation to come and live with us. She was not only dear to me as Mrs. Newton's sister, but we had lived long in the habits of intimate friendship. I knew *her* worth, and *she* was partial to me. She had yet one child remaining, her dear ELIZA. We already had a dear orphan niece, whom we had, about seven years before, adopted

ed for our own daughter. My active fond imagination anticipated the time of her arrival, and drew a pleasing picture of the addition the company of such a sister, such a friend, would make to the happiness of our family. The children likewise—there was no great disparity between them either in years or stature. From what I had heard of Eliza, I was prepared to love her before I saw her ; though she came afterwards into my hands like a heap of untold gold, which, when counted over, proves to be a larger sum than was expected. My fancy paired and united these children ; I hoped that the friendship between us and my sister, would be perpetuated in them. I seemed to see them like twin sisters, of one heart and mind, habits nearly alike, always together, always with us.—Such was my plan—but the Lord's plan was very different, and therefore mine failed. It is happy for us, poor short-sighted creatures, unable as we are to foresee the consequences of our own wishes, that if we know and trust him, he often is pleased to put a merciful negative upon our purposes ; and condescends to chuse better for us than we can for ourselves. What might have been the issue of *my* plan, could it have taken place, I know not ; but I can now praise and adore him for the gracious issue of *his*. I praise his name, that I can chearfully comply with his word which says, “ Be still, and know that I am God.” I not only can bow (as it becomes a creature and a sinner to do) to his sovereignty ; but I admire his wisdom and goodness, and  
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can say from my heart, " He has done all things well."

My sister had settled her affairs previous to her removal, and nothing remained but to take leave of her friends, of whom she had many, not only in Anstruther, but in different parts of the county. In February, 1783, I received a letter from her, which, before I opened it, I expected was to inform me that she was upon the road in her way to London. But the information was, that in a little journey she had made to bid a friend farewell, she had caught a violent cold, which brought on a fever and a cough, with other symptoms, which, though she described as gently as possible, that we might not be alarmed, obliged ME to give up instantly the pleasing hope of seeing her. Succeeding letters confirmed my apprehensions, her malady increased, and she was soon confined to her bed. Eliza was at school at Musselburgh. Till then she had enjoyed a perfect state of health ; but while her dear mother was rapidly declining, *she* likewise caught a great cold, and *her* life likewise was soon thought to be in danger. On this occasion that fortitude and resolution which so strongly marked my sister's character was remarkably displayed. She knew that her own race was almost finished ; she earnestly desired that Eliza might live, or die, with us. And the physicians advised a speedy removal into the South. Accordingly to save time, and to save Eliza from the impressions which

which the sight of a dying parent might probably make upon her spirits, and possibly apprehensive that the interview might make too great an impression upon her own; she sent this her only beloved child from Edinburgh directly to London, without letting her come home to take a last leave of her. She contented herself with committing and bequeathing her child to our care and love in a letter, which I believe was the last she was able to write.

THUS powerfully recommended by the pathetic charge of a dying mother, the dearest friend we had upon earth; and by that plea for compassion, which her illness might have strongly urged even upon strangers; we received our dear Eliza as a trust, and as a treasure, on the 15th of March. My sister lived long enough to have the comfort of knowing, not only that she was safely arrived, but was perfectly pleased with her new situation. She was now freed from all earthly cares. She suffered much in the remaining part of her illness, but she knew whom she believed; she possessed a peace past understanding, and a hope full of glory. She entered into the joy of her Lord on the 10th of May, 1783, respected and regretted by all who knew her.

I soon perceived that the Lord had sent me a treasure indeed. Eliza's person was agreeable. There was an air and elegance in her whole address, and a gracefulness in her movements, till long illness, and great weakness bowed her



down. Her disposition was lively, her genius quick and inventive, and if she had enjoyed health, she probably would have excelled in every thing she attempted, that required ingenuity. Her understanding, particularly her judgment, and her sense of propriety, was far above her years. There was something in her appearance which usually procured her favor at first sight. She was honoured by the notice of several persons of distinction, which, though I thankfully attribute in part to their kindness to me, I believe was a good deal owing to something rather uncommon in her. But her principal endearing qualities, which could be only fully known to us who lived with her, were the sweetness of her temper, and a heart formed for the exercise of affection, gratitude and friendship. Whether, when at school, she might have heard sorrowful tales from children who having lost their parents, met with a great difference, in point of tenderness, when they came under the direction of Uncles and Aunts, and might think that all uncles and aunts were alike, I know not; but I have understood since from herself, that she did not come to us with any highly raised expectations of the treatment she was to meet with. But as *she* found (the Lord in mercy to her and to us having opened our hearts to receive her) that it was hardly possible for her own parents to have treated her more tenderly, and that it was from that time the business and the pleasure of our lives, to study how to oblige her, and how to alleviate the afflictions



afflictions which we were unable to remove; for *we like wise* quickly found, that the seeds of our kindness could hardly be sown in a more promising and fruitful soil. I know not that either her aunt or I ever saw a cloud upon her countenance during the time she was with us. It is true we did not, we could not, unnecessarily cross her; but if we thought it expedient to over-rule any proposal she made, she acquiesced with a sweet smile; and we were certain that we should never hear of that proposal again. *Her* delicacy however was quicker than *our* observation; and she would sometimes say, when we could not perceive the least reason for it, "I am afraid I answered you peevishly, indeed I did not intend it; if I did, I ask your pardon; I should be very ungrateful, if I thought any pleasure equal to that of endeavouring to please you." It is no wonder that we dearly loved such a child.

**WONDERFUL** is the frame of the human heart. The Lord claims and deserves it all; yet there is still room for all the charities of relative life, and scope for their full play; and they are capable of yielding the sincerest pleasures this world can afford, if held in subordination to what is supremely due to him. The marriage relation, when cemented by a divine blessing, is truly a union of hearts, and the love resulting from it will admit of no competition in the same kind. Children have the next claim, and whether there be one, or two, or many,

each one seems to be the object of the whole of the parent's love. Perhaps my friends who have children, may think that I who never had any, can only talk by guess upon this subject. I presume not to dispute the point with them. But when it pleased the Lord to put my dear Betsy under my care, I seemed to acquire a new set of feelings, if not exactly those of a parent, yet, as I conceive, not altogether unlike them. And I long thought it was not possible for me to love any child as I did her. But when Eliza came, she without being her rival, quickly participated with her in the same affection. I found I had room enough for them both, without prejudice to either. I loved the one very dearly, and the other no less than before; if it were possible still more, when I saw that she entered into my views, received and behaved to her cousin with great affection, and ascribed many little indulgences and attentions which were shewn her, to their proper ground, the consideration of her ill state of health, and not to any preference that could operate to *her* disadvantage. For the Lord was pleased to answer my prayers in this respect, so graciously, that I could not perceive that any jealousy or suspicion took place between them, on either side, from first to last.

THE Hectic fever, cough and sweats, which Eliza brought with her from Scotland, were subdued in the course of the summer, and there appeared no reason to apprehend that she would  
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be taken off very suddenly. But still there was a worm preying upon the root of this pretty gourd. She had seldom any severe pain till within the last fortnight of her life, and usually slept well, but when awake she was always ill. I believe she knew not a single hour of perfect ease, and they, who intimately knew her state, could not but wonder to see her so placid, chearful, and attentive when in company, as she generally was. Many a time when the tears have silently stolen down her cheeks, if she saw that her aunt or I observed her, she would wipe them away, come to us with a smile and a kiss, and say, "Do not be uneasy, I am not very ill, I can bear it, I shall be better presently," or to that effect.

HER case was thought beyond the reach of medicine, and for a time no medicine was used. She had air and exercise, as the weather and circumstances would permit. For the rest she amused herself as well as she could, with her guitar or harpsichord, with her needle, and with reading. She had a part likewise, when able, in such visits as we paid or received. And our visits were generally regulated by a regard to what she could bear. Her aunt, especially, seldom went abroad, but at such times, and to such places, as we thought agreeable and convenient to her. For we could perceive, that she loved home best, and best of all when we were at home with her.

IN April 1784, We put her under the care of my dear friend Dr. Benamor. To the blessing of the Lord on his skill and endeavours, I ascribe the pleasure of having her continued with us so long; nor can I sufficiently express my gratitude for his assiduous unwearied attention, nor for his great tenderness. She is now gone, and can no more repeat, what she has often spoken, of the great comfort it was to her to have so affectionate and sympathizing a physician; but while I live, I hope it will always be my pleasure to acknowledge our great obligations to him on her account. I should be ungrateful likewise, were I to omit mentioning the kindness of Dr. Allen of Du'wich, who attended her daily during her last stay at Southampton. He was so obliging likewise as to visit her, and to meet Dr. Benamor upon her case, after her return to London. Their joint prescription was carefully followed. But what can the most efficacious medicines, or the best physicians avail to prolong life, when the hour approaches in which the prayer of the great Intercessor must be accomplished, "Father I will that they whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, to behold my glory?" This was the proper cause of my dear Eliza's death. The Lord sent this child to me to be brought up for him, he owned my poor endeavours; and when her education was completed, and she was ripened for heaven, he took her home to himself. He has richly paid me  
my



my wages, in the employment itself, and in the happy issue.

DR. BENAMOR advising a trial of the salt-water, we passed the month of August 1784, with her, partly at Mr. Walter Taylor's at Southampton, and partly at Charles Etty's Esq. of Priestlands near Lymington. While she was with these kind and generous friends, she had every accommodation and assistance that could be thought of or wished for. And the bathing was evidently useful, so far as to give some additional strength to her very weak and relaxed frame, which assisted her in going more comfortably through the last winter. We were therefore encouraged and advised to repeat our visit to Southampton this autumn. But the success was not the same. Her feet and legs had already begun to swell, and the evening before she set out she took cold, which brought on a return of the fever and cough. And though Dr. Allen was successful in removing these symptoms in about a fortnight, and she bathed a few times, she could not persevere. However the advantages of situation, air, and exercise being much greater than she could have in London, and as we were with friends whom she, as well as we, dearly loved, she continued at Southampton six weeks. But she was unable to proceed to Mr. Etty's, who was very desirous of repeating his former kindness. The Lord strengthened her to perform her journey home without inconvenience. She returned  
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the 16th of September, then she entered our door for the last time, for she went out no more, till she was carried out to be put into the hearse.

I HAVE thus put together in one view a brief account of what relates to her illness, till within the last three weeks of her pilgrimage. I now come to what is much more important and interesting. Her excellent parents had conscientiously endeavoured to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the principles of religion had been instilled into her from her infancy. Their labours were thus far attended with success, that no child could be more obedient or obliging, or more remote from evil habits, or evil tempers; but I could not perceive, when she first came to us, that she had any heart-affecting sense of divine things. But being under my roof, she of course, when her health would permit, attended on my ministry, and was usually present when I prayed and expounded the scriptures, morning and evening in the family. Friends and ministers were likewise frequently with us, whose character and conversation were well suited to engage her notice, and to help her to form a right idea of the christian principles and temper. Knowing that she was of a thinking turn, I left her to make her own reflections upon what she saw and heard, committing her to the Lord from whom I had received her, and intreating him to be her effectual Teacher. When I did  
attempt

attempt to talk with her upon the concerns of her soul, she could give me no answer but with tears. But I soon had great encouragement to hope that the Lord had both enlightened her understanding, and had drawn the desires of her heart to himself. Great was her delight in the ordinances. Exemplary her attention under the preaching. To be debarred from going to hear at our stated times, was a trial, which, though she patiently bore, seemed to affect her more than any other, and she did not greatly care what she endured in the rest of the week, provided she was well enough to attend the public worship. The judicious observations she occasionally made upon what had passed in conversation, upon incidents, books, and sermons, indicated a sound scriptural judgment, and a spiritual taste. And my hope was confirmed by her whole deportment, which was becoming the gospel of Christ. So that had she died suddenly, on any day, within about a year and half past, I should have had no doubt that she had passed from death, unto life. But I could seldom prevail with her to speak of herself, if she did it was with the greatest diffidence and caution.

Soon after her return from Southampton she became acquainted with acute pain, to which she had till then been much a stranger. Her gentle spirit which had borne up under a long and languishing illness, was not so capable of supporting pain. It did not occasion any improper

per temper or language, but it wore her away apace. Friday the 30th of September she was down stairs for the last time, and then she was brought down and carried up in arms.

It now became very desirable to hear from herself a more explicit account of the hope that was in her; especially as upon some symptoms of an approaching mortification, she appeared to be a little alarmed, and of course not thoroughly reconciled to the thoughts of death. Her aunt waited for the first convenient opportunity of intimating to her the probability that the time of her departure was at hand. The next morning (Saturday the 1st of October) presented one. She found herself remarkably better, her pains were almost gone, her spirits revived, the favourable change was visible in her countenance. Her aunt began to break the subject to her, by saying, "My dear, were you not extremely ill last night?" She said, "Indeed I was." "Had you not been relieved I think you could not have continued long." "I believe I could not." "My dear, I have been very anxiously concerned for your life." "But I hope, my dear aunt, you are not so now." She then opened her mind and spoke freely. I cannot repeat the whole, the substance was to this effect. "My views of things have been for some time very different from what they were when I came to you. I have seen and felt the vanity of childhood and youth." Her aunt said, "I believe you have long

long made a conscience of secret prayer." She answered, "Yes, I have long and earnestly fought the Lord with reference to the change which is now approaching. I have not yet that full assurance which is so desirable, but I have a hope, I trust, a good hope, and I believe the Lord will give me whatever he sees necessary for me, before he takes me from hence. I have prayed to him to fit me for himself, and then, whether sooner or later, it signifies but little." Here was a comfortable point gained. We were satisfied that she had given up all expectation of living, and could speak of her departure without being distressed.

It will not be expected that a child at her age should speak systematically. Nor had she learnt her religion from a system or form of words, however sound. The Lord himself was her Teacher. But from what little she had at different times said to me, I was well satisfied that she had received a true conviction of the evil of sin, and of her own state by nature as a sinner. When she spoke of the Lord she meant the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd who gathers such lambs in his arm, and carries them in his bosom. She believed him to be God and Man in one person, and that hope of which she shall never be ashamed was founded on his atonement, grace and power. As I do not intend to put words into her mouth which she never spoke, I mention this, lest any persons should be disappointed at  
not



not finding a certain phraseology, which they may have been accustomed to.

HER apparent revival was of short duration. In the evening of the same day she began to complain of a sore throat, which became worse, and before Sunday noon threatened an absolute suffocation. When Dr Benamor who the day before had almost entertained hopes of her recovery, found her so suddenly and greatly altered, he could not, at the moment, prevent some signs of his concern from appearing in his countenance. She quickly perceived it, and desired he would plainly tell her his sentiments. When he had recovered himself, he said, You are not so well as when I saw you on Saturday. She answered, "that she trusted all would be well soon." He replied, that whether she lived or died it would be well, and to the glory of God. He told me that he had much pleasing conversation with her that morning, some particulars of which he had committed to writing, but he lost the paper. From that time she may be said to have been dying, as we expected her departure from one hour to another.

ON Monday the 3d she was almost free from any complaint in her throat, but there was again an appearance of a mortification in her legs, which was again repelled by the means which Dr. Benamor prescribed. I recollect but little of the incidents of this day. In general she was in great pain, sometimes in agonies, unable to remain



remain many minutes in the same position. But her mind was peaceful; she possessed a spirit of recollection and prayer; and her chief attention to earthly things seemed confined to the concern she saw in those who were around her. That she might not increase their feelings for her, she strove to conceal the sense of her own sufferings. It pleased the Lord wonderfully to support my dear Mrs. Newton, and she had a tolerable night's rest, though I did not expect the child would live till morning. On Tuesday the 4th, about nine in the morning, we all thought her dying, and waited near two hours by her bed-side for her last breath. She was much convulsed and in great agonies. I said, "My dear, you are going to heaven, and I hope, by the grace of God, we in due time shall follow you." She could not speak, but let us know that she attended to what I said by a gentle nod of her head, and a sweet smile. I repeated to her many passages of scripture, and verses of hymns, to each of which she made the same kind of answer. Though silent, her looks were more expressive than words. Towards eleven o'clock, a great quantity of coagulated phlegm, which she had not strength to bring up, made her rattle violently in the throat, which we considered as a sign that death was at hand; and as she seemed unwilling to take something that was offered her, we were loth to disturb her in her lost moments (as we supposed) by pressing her. I think she must have died in a quarter of an

hour, had not Dr. Benamor just then come into the room. He felt her pulse, and observed, that she was not near death by her pulse, and desired something might be given her. She was perfectly sensible, though still unable to speak, but expressed her unwillingness to take any thing, by very strong efforts. However she yielded to entreaty, and a teaspoonful or two of some liquid soon cleared the passage, and she revived. Her pain however was extream, and her disappointment great. I never saw her so near impatience as upon this occasion; as soon as she could speak she cried, "Oh cruel, cruel, to recall me, when I was so happy and so near gone! I wish you had not come; I long to go home." But in a few minutes she grew composed, assented to what the Doctor said, of her duty to wait the Lord's time; and from that hour, though her desires to depart and to be with her Saviour, were stronger and stronger, she cheerfully took whatever was offered her, and frequently asked for something of her own accord. How often, if we were to have our choice, should we counteract our own prayers! I had entreated the Lord to prolong her life, till she could leave an indisputable testimony behind her, for our comfort. Yet when I saw her agony, and heard her say, Oh, how cruel to stop me! I was for a moment almost of her mind, and could hardly help wishing that the Doctor had delayed his visit a little longer. But if she had died then, we should have been deprived of what we saw and  
heard

heard the two following days. The remembrance of which is now much more precious to me than silver or gold.

WHEN the Doctor came on Wednesday, she entreated him to tell her how long he thought she might live. He said, "Are you in earnest, my dear?" She answered, "Indeed I am." At that time there were great appearances that a mortification was actually begun. He therefore told her, he thought it possible she might hold out till eight in the evening, but did not expect she could survive midnight at farthest. On hearing him say so, low as she was, her eyes seemed to sparkle with their former vivacity, and fixing them on him with an air of ineffable satisfaction, she said, "Oh, that is good news indeed." And she repeated it as such to a person who came soon after into the room, and said with lively emotions of joy, "The Doctor tells me I shall stay here but a few hours more." In the afternoon she noticed and counted the clock, I believe, every time it struck, and when it struck seven, she said, "Another hour and then"—But it pleased the Lord to spare her to us another day.

SHE suffered much in the course of Wednesday night, but was quite resigned and patient. Our kind servants, who from their love to her, and to us, watched her night and day, with a solicitude and tenderness which wealth is too poor to purchase, were the only witnesses of

the affectionate, and grateful manner, in which she repeatedly thanked them for their services and attention to her. Though such an acknowledgment was no more than their due, yet coming from herself, and at such a time, they highly valued it. She added her earnest prayers that the Lord would reward them. To her prayers my heart says Amen. May they be comforted of the Lord in their dying hours, as she was, and meet with equal kindness from those about them !

I WAS surprised on Thursday morning to find her not only alive, but in some respects better. The tokens of mortification again disappeared. This was her last day, and it was a memorable day to us. When Dr. Benamor asked her how she was? she answered, " Truly happy, and if this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die " (The very expression which a dear friend of mine used upon her death-bed a few years ago.) She said to me about ten o'clock, " My dear uncle, I would not change conditions with any person upon earth ; Oh how gracious is the Lord to me ! Oh what a change is before me ! " She was several times asked, if she could wish to live, provided the Lord should restore her to perfect health, her answer was ; " Not for all the world," and sometimes, " not for a thousand worlds\*. Do not weep for me, my dear aunt, but rather rejoice and praise on my

\* The last time she was asked this question, she said (as I have been since informed), " I desire to have no choice,"



my account. I shall now have the advantage of dear Miss Patty Barham (*for whom she had a very tender affection, and who has been long in a languishing state*) for I shall go before her." We asked her if she would chuse a text for her own funeral sermon? She readily mentioned, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. That, said she, has been my experience, my afflictions have been many, but not one too many; nor has the greatest of them been too great, I praise him for them all." But after a pause she said, "Stay, I think there is another text, which may do better; let it be, Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord. *That* is my experience now." She likewise chose a hymn to be sung after the sermon. Olney Hymns, book II. hymn 72.

BUT I must check myself, and set down but a small part of the gracious words which the Lord enabled her to speak in the course of the day, though she was frequently interrupted by pains and agonies. She had something to say either in the way of admonition or consolation, as she thought most suitable, to every one whom she saw: To her most constant attendant she said, "Be sure you continue to call upon the Lord, and if you think he does not hear you now, he will at last, as he has heard me. She spoke a great deal to an intimate friend, who was with her every day, which I hope she will long remember, as the testimony of her dying Eliza. Amongst other things, she said, "See how com-  
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fortable

fortable the Lord can make a dying bed ! Do you think that you shall have such an assurance when you come to die ?” Being answered, “ I hope so, my dear,” She replied, “ But do you earnestly and with all your heart pray to the Lord for it ? If you seek him, you shall surely find him.” She then prayed affectionately and fervently for her friend, afterwards for her cousin, and then for another of our family who was present. Her prayer was not long, but her every word was weighty, and her manner very affecting—the purport was that they might all be taught, and comforted by the Lord. About five in the afternoon she desired me to pray with her once more. Surely I then prayed from my heart. When I had finished she said, Amen. I said, “ My dear child have I expressed your meaning ?” she answered, “ Oh yes !” and then added, “ I am ready to say, Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming ? But I hope he will enable me to wait his hour with patience.” These were the last words I heard her speak.

MRS. NEWTON’S heart was much, perhaps too much, attached to this dear child ; which is not to be wondered at, considering what a child she was, and how long and how much she had suffered. But the Lord graciously supported her in this trying season. Indeed there was much more cause for joy than grief ; yet the pain of separation will be felt. Eliza well knew her feelings, and a concern for her, was,  
I believe,

I believe, the last anxiety that remained with her. She said to those about her, "Try to persuade my aunt to leave the room, I think I shall soon go to sleep, I shall not remain with you till the morning." Her aunt, however, was the last person who heard her speak, and was sitting by her bed when she went away. A little past six, hearing that a relation who dearly loved her, and was beloved by her, and who had come daily from Westminster to see her, was below stairs, she said, "Raise me up, that I may speak to him once more." Her aunt said, "My dear, you are nearly exhausted, I think you had better not attempt it." She smiled and said, "It is very well, I will not." She was then within half an hour of her translation to glory, but the love of her dear Lord had so filled her with benevolence, that she was ready to exert herself to her last breath, in hopes of saying something that might be useful to others, after she was gone.

TOWARDS seven o'clock, I was walking in the garden, and earnestly engaged in prayer for her, when a servant came to me and said, "She is gone." O Lord how great is thy power! how great is thy goodness! A few days before, had it been practicable and lawful, what would I not have given to procure her recovery? yet seldom in my life have I known a more heart-felt joy, than when these words, *She is gone*, sounded in my ears. I ran up stairs, and our whole little family were soon around her bed.

bed. Though her aunt and another person were sitting with their eyes fixed upon her, she was gone, perhaps a few minutes, before she was missed. She lay upon her left side, with her cheek gently reclining upon her hand, as if in a sweet sleep. And I thought there was a smile upon her countenance. Never surely did death appear in a more beautiful, inviting form! We fell upon our knees, and I returned (I think I may say) my most unfeigned thanks to our God and Saviour, for his abundant goodness to her, crowned in this last instance by giving her so gentle a dismissal. Yes, I am satisfied. I am comforted. And if one of the many involuntary tears I have shed, could have recalled her to life, to health, to an assemblage of all that this world could contribute to her happiness, I would have laboured hard to suppress it. Now my largest desires for her are accomplished. The days of her mourning are ended. She is landed on that peaceful shore, where the storms of trouble never blow. She is forever out of the reach of sorrow, sin, temptation and snares. Now she is before the throne! She sees him whom not having seen she loved; she drinks of the rivers of pleasure which are at his right hand, and shall thirst no more.

**SHE** was born at St. Margaret's, Rochester, Feb. 6, 1771.

**HER**



HER parents settled at Anstruther in Fife,  
in 1773.

SHE returned to us, ——— March 15, 1783.

SHE breathed her spirit into her Redeemer's hands a little before seven in the evening on Oct. 6, 1785, aged fourteen years and eight months.

I SHALL be glad if this little narrative may prove an encouragement to my friends who have children. May we not conceive the Lord saying to us, as Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother of Moses, "Take this child, and bring it up for me, and I will pay thee thy wages?" How solemn the trust! how important and difficult the discharge of it! but how rich the reward if our endeavours are crowned with success! And we have every thing to hope from his power and goodness, if in dependance upon his blessing, we can fully and diligently aim at fulfilling his will. Happy they, who will say at the last day, "Behold here am I, and the children which thou hast given me."

The *Children* of my friends will likewise see my narrative. May it convince them that it is practicable, and good, to seek the Lord betimes! My dear Eliza's state of languor prevented her from associating with young people of her own age, so frequently and freely as she might otherwise have done. But these papers will come into the hands of some such, whom she knew, and  
whom

whom she loved. To them, I particularly commend and dedicate this relation. O my dear young friends, had you seen with what dignity of spirit she filled up the last scene of her life, you must have been affected by it ! Let not the liveliness of your spirits, and the gaiety of the prospect around you, prevent you from considering, that to you likewise days will certainly come (unless you are suddenly snatched out of life) when you will say and feel, that the world, and all in it, can afford you no pleasure. But there is a Saviour, and a mighty One, always near, always gracious to those who seek him. May you, like her, be enabled to chuse him, as the Guide of your youth, and the Lord of your hearts. I then, like her, you will find support and comfort under affliction, wisdom to direct your conduct, a good hope in death, and by death a happy translation to everlasting life.

I HAVE only to add my prayers that a blessing from on high may descend upon the persons and families of all my friends, and upon all into whose hands this paper may providentially come.

JOHN NEWTON.

*Charles's-Square, Hoxton,  
Oct. 13, 1785.*



F I N I S.

# B O O K S

S O L D B Y

B. D U G D A L E.

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